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MASTER DRAUGHTSMEN.

THE recent exhibition of drawings in Paris at the École des Beaux Arts consisted of nine hundred and fifty works—drawings of all kinds, and even a few aquarelles and pastels—of artists since 1784. The drawings were the drawings of the century, and they brought together on the same walls J. F. Millet and Victor Hugo, Barye and Gérôme, Puvis de Chavannes and Baudry, Henri Regnault and Fragonard, Delaunay and David, Gavarni, Daumier and Charlet, Latour and Meissonier, Corot and Decamps, Millet and Delacroix, Théodore Rousseau and Cabanel, Galland and Prudhon, Ary Scheffer and Gleyre, Ingres and Delaroche, all the great names of the century, all the glories that were and that are. Of course, to speak in detail even of the most remarkable pieces in this exhibition would be impossible. At the utmost one can only aspire to give an idea of the impression of admiration and of astonishment that seized one in presence of this most vivid expression of the individuality of so many great artists. One afternoon I happened to be admiring the perfect drawing of Ingres's lead-pencil portraits of Mlle. Bertin and of Mme. Haudebourg-Lescot in Italian costume, when M. Bonnat came up. "Both are admirable," he said, "marvellous, but Holbein is stronger; Leonardo da Vinci is stronger." "Yes, doubtless," replied his interlocutor, "but it is different." The whole point of the question is there; it is different. To compare the drawings of the various masters here represented is useless; they are different; they are the expressions of different natures; they are representations of nature viewed from different points of view and with different temperaments and different aims. Ingres is not for a moment to be compared with Leonardo; but with Holbein the comparison holds and may be instructive.

The Louvre was within three minutes' walk, and so on leaving the École des Beaux-Arts I went to look at the Holbeins in the Louvre in order to verify M. Bonnat's criticism. Yes; certainly Holbein is stronger than Ingres, and his strength is a consequence of his stronger individuality. Holbein takes a commonplace head, interprets it through the medium of his own great nature, sets it right, reconstructs it, and renders with his pencil the verity of its native harmony; he studies his model sincerely and slowly; he not only has a profound intuition of the character of his model, but he generalizes it a little, exaggerates perhaps some details in order to augment and accentuate the physiognomy and to render the expression clearer. Ingres proceeds in the same way, only his less generous temperament does not serve him so well as the temperament of Holbein served him. Ingres is a dry, narrow-minded, Calvinistic person; he has a profound sentiment of purity of line; he tries to study the character of his model, but his own nature being ungenerous and his sympathies restricted, he is tempted to develop rather the mean qualities than the noble ones, and so, with all the beauty, the perfection and the impeccableness of his drawing, his remarkable pencil portraits always retain something of the dry, unsympathetic character of the draughtsman. The drawing of Ingres is the perfection of naturalist drawing. It is masterly drawing executed perfectly and rapidly. Ingres used to say that an artist ought to be able to sketch a man falling from the top of a house in the time the body took to fall. His drawing is generally very simple and contains few details, few lines, but each line gives some important contour.

Baudelaire used to say that in a certain sense Ingres drew better than Raphael, who is the king of draughtsmen in the popular estimation. Raphael decorated immense spaces; but he would not have drawn so well as Ingres the portrait of your mother or your friend. Ingres hesitated in presence of no ugliness and no oddness; for want of imagination and subservience to document he was a veritable Zola of drawing; and yet his pencil portraits are full of intimacy, of the intimacy of Wordsworth, for instance.

How interesting to compare with the severe drawings of Ingres—portraits in outline modelled with a few lines, and with scarcely a spot of shade to depict

caresses the extremities of a form. For Prudhon the idea of movement, the project of the composition, as well as the line of the drawing, appear, as it were, in a luminous vision.

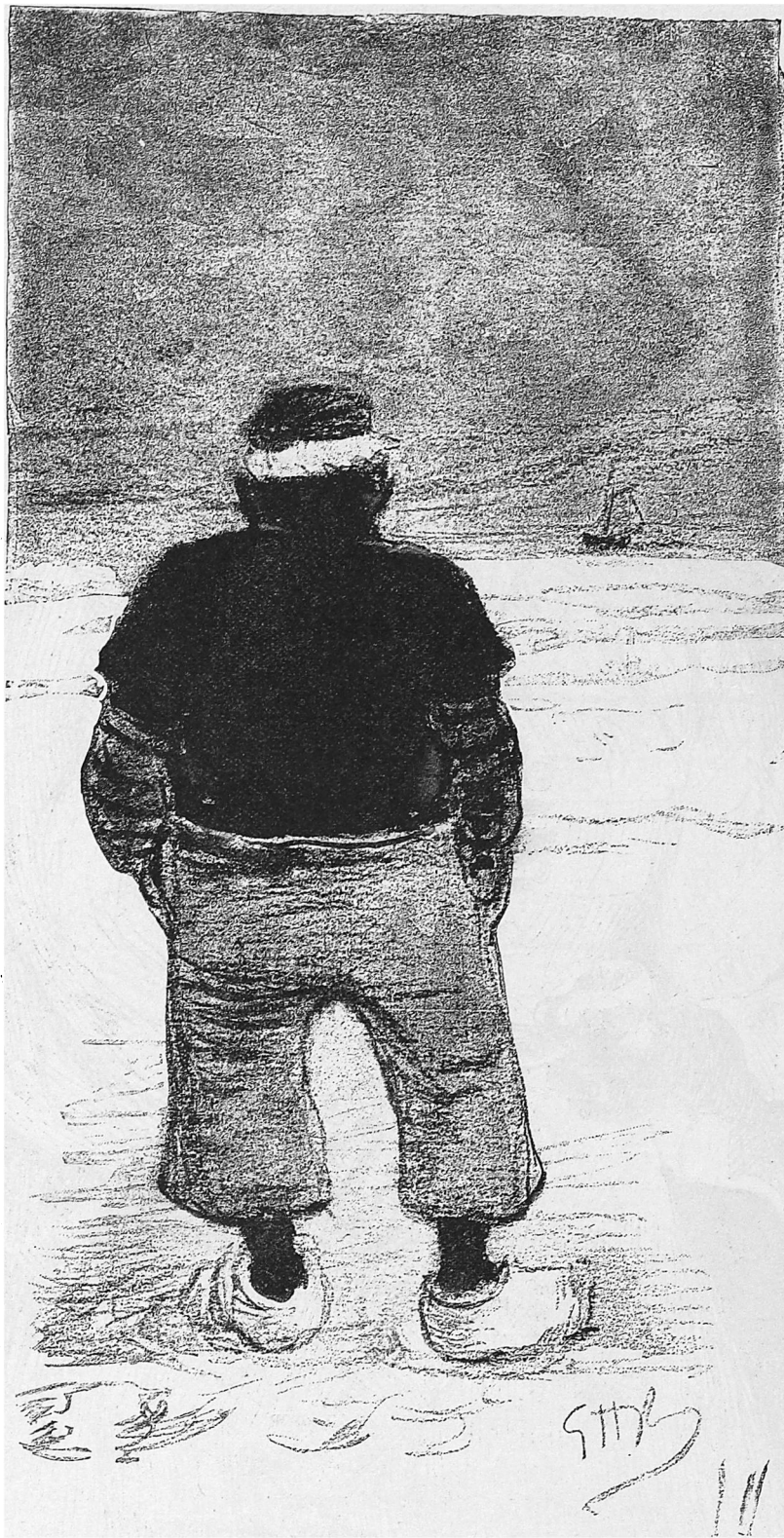
Then we come to Gleyre, who combines the poetic vapory grace of Prudhon with Ingres's perfection and sincerity of faultless line; to Géricault, the mighty composer, enamored of movement and action; to Meissonier, who unites the conscientiousness of the Flemish masters with the verve and elegance of the French; to Henri Regnault, who has something of the grace of Watteau and a force and boldness that reminds one sometimes of Rembrandt. To my mind

these six names stand away above all others in the present exhibition: Ingres, Géricault, Gleyre, Prudhon, Meissonier, Regnault. Next to them and at no great interval come Puvis de Chavannes, Cabanel, Barye, Gérôme, Gavarni, Delacroix—so much abused of old for his ignorance of drawing!—Delaunay, De Neuville, Raffet, Millet and Rousseau, who are all great and interesting. But what is the use of comparisons or classifications? Ah! if these columns were of unlimited length I would ask nothing better than to go on examining with the reader the characteristics of each of the great artists represented, surprising them in the incubation of their masterpieces, peeping over their shoulder while they are at work, discovering their processes, catching glimpses of their temperament, making their acquaintance as only a drawing enables us to do, studying their work intellectually, rationally, analytically, comparing their style as in literature we compare the styles of the great masters, for, as Charles Baudelaire has excellently said, "Drawing is a struggle between nature and the artist, a struggle in which the artist triumphs the more easily the better he comprehends the intentions of nature. What the artist has to do is not to copy, but to interpret in a simpler and more luminous language." THEODORE CHILD.

LOUIS AUGUSTE LELOIR.

LOUIS LELOIR, the famous French water color painter, who died in Paris at the end of January, after five months' suffering from an incurable ailment, was the son of J. B. Leloir, a well-known French historical painter. His mother, née Héloïse Colin, was also a painter of genre subjects, portraits and miniatures, and a constant and successful exhibitor at the Salon. Maurice Leloir, his brother, is almost as well known as was Louis Leloir. Born March 15th, 1843, the latter was early destined for the career of art. He studied under his father, and his first pictures exhibited at the Salon were Academic subjects, a "Massacre of the Innocents" (1863), "Daniel in the Lions' Den" (1864), and "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" (1865). Leloir then travelled, and did not reappear at the Salon until 1868, when he

exhibited a "Baptism of Savages in the Canary Islands." Henceforward his manner changed; he yielded to his natural taste for genre subjects, and adopted the brilliant, minute and photographic style of Meissonier, which he applied not only to oil-painting but to water-colors, which he treated with great skill, while introducing all kinds of tricks and processes hitherto employed only by miniature painters, using largely gouache or body color, and stippling to excess, though always retaining, even in his most highly wrought water-colors, a charming finesse and transparency. Louis Leloir obtained three medals, in 1864, 1868 and 1870; the decoration of the Legion of Honor in 1876, and a second-class medal at the Universal



"THERE SHE GOES!" BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.

REPRODUCED DIRECTLY FROM A WATER-COLOR SKETCH.

the eyes, no background, the accessories drawn in mere outline, and the whole fixed austere, impeccably, unhesitatingly on the cold white paper—how interesting to compare these drawings with precious studies of Prudhon, those dreams of an Ionian night where the black and white crayons caress the blue paper like a ray of moonlight caressing a marble frieze! Prudhon always proceeds from the interior to the exterior of his figure. He seeks the drawing of the light first of all on the human body rather than the exact delineation of the body; he envelops the contour of his figure with a broad thick line, and leaves the lineaments floating undecided, bathed in that ambient light with which nature brings out and

Exhibition in 1878. He was one of the founders and chief exhibitors of the Société d'Aquarellistes.

Louis Leloir both as an oil painter and as an aquarelliste was an artist of exquisite and elegant talent. However great may be our admiration for the old Dutch masters, we must, I think, admit that many of the modern French painters have equalled and even surpassed them, and among these masters I would rank Louis Leloir. Such and such a one of his pictures, "La Tentation," "La Sérénade," "La Fête du Grand-père" are as fine as the paintings of Metzinger or Terburg, and the French master puts into his familiar and anecdotic subjects a dash of sprightly wit that does no harm when it is brought in discreetly. Happy nowadays are the genre painters! They are fêted, praised, made rich, live in palaces and have all satisfaction, while the artists who are simple enough still to attach any importance to the expression of thoughts that require the style of a Chenavard, an Ingres, a Puvis de Chavannes or a Baudry, make their way obscurely and painfully, and arrive late at success, if they arrive at all.

In water-color painting Louis Leloir achieved a finish and brilliancy hitherto unequalled. His palette, like that of Gustave Moreau, was a veritable jewel casket, and his colors molten topaz, ruby and sapphire; but his most dazzling yellows, his pure reds, his blues, such as the ancient chemists could not make, his deep greens, were broken and faded when needful, so that his coloring was at once violent and harmonious, like the coloring of Chinese and Japanese porcelain. Furthermore, in spite of the brilliancy of the silks, satins, carpets and other accessories of his pictures, the faces of his subjects were never sacrificed; the expression was always there, and the eye was at once captivated by its grace and charm. Charles Blanc, speaking of Leloir's water-colors at the Exhibition of 1878, said with admiration and astonishment: "Voilà un peintre qui a reculé les bornes de son art!" "Here is a painter who has enlarged the domain of his art!"

Leloir of late years devoted much of his grace and delicate imagination to the service of one of the loveliest ornaments of woman, the fan, and the day is not far distant when Leloir's fans will be sought for as eagerly and prized as highly as those of Watteau. As an illustrator, too, he has left a splendid monument of his talent in the series of drawings etched by Flameng for Jonaus's edition of Molière. And this year, if his health had permitted, he would have given the publisher Conquet twelve drawings and an original etching to illustrate "Mademoiselle de Maupin," a series for which he was to receive \$5000. He had also in progress at the time of his death a series of drawings to illustrate an edition of Musset, and a unique copy of Scarron's "Roman Comique," the pages and margins of which he was covering with water-colors, drawings, vignettes and letters, with a view to engraving the whole one day in eau-forte. "Etching," he wrote to a friend last August, "tempts me very much. I am making some essays, and I hope soon to be able to show you something." E. V.

GEORGE FULLER.

THE flavor of Hawthorne's New England, which saturates George Fuller's work, is due to more than the choice of names from Hawthorne's legends for his ideal figures. It was no calculating purpose to select popular subjects for his pictures that drew him to the sad shadows of our earlier colonial history, with their fascinating mystery of remoteness, their pathos and horror, their sublime examples of dedication and sacrifice to a stern and awful fanaticism of righteousness. Fuller's development was reached as naturally as Hawthorne's, proceeding from the same germs and stock, and nurtured by the same environment and by a singularly similar experience. Like Hawthorne, he labored silently and in obscurity for the best part of his life, for thirty years or so, before his genius or his purpose even was recognized and appreciated as it deserved. Like Hawthorne he was

appeared—building an immortality. Fuller indeed had made an essay at the artist's life in the capitals and centres of art—in Albany and Boston and New York—and had won to a certain ordinary and commonplace degree of excellence in the practice of his art. But it was not until he said, like Emerson, "Good-by, proud world, I'm going home," and turned his back on the cities with their clubs and circles of artists and conventionalities of aim and study, and gone to live his own life upon his father's farm at Deerfield, where he must think his own thought, for very lack of any other, upon art in that neighborhood, and brood over his own ideals, that he began to evolve the distinct and unique genius that was to be in painting what Hawthorne is in literature—another characteristic efflorescence of the æsthetic nature which lay under Puritanism like the arbutus under snow, and which the hard, unfavorable conditions of New England only disciplined to a thrice-refined purity. The

rather patronizing regret which some of the New York academicians have expressed since his death that he did not stay with them after his success with his portrait of his first teacher, H. K. Brown, the sculptor of Albany, which secured him, at the age of thirty-five (1857), the associate membership and rise to the doubtful dignity of full membership, is quite beside the mark. His disheartened departure from New York was, as we see it now, an escape, a rescue. Not that it could not be wished that he had attained a more perfect mastery of technique in his youth (though his landscapes of that period, not a bit like his later work, albeit solid in values and soberly true in color are only too finished in handling), but he could hardly have maintained or developed in the companionships of city artist-life the rare and delicate individuality of sentiment which is now his precious contribution to American art. No doubt the influence of the Allston cult, brought to bear on him while he was studying drawing and painting in Boston, was in the direction to profit his higher artistic nature; and his eight months in Europe must have had an inestimable influence in elevating and broadening his views. But,

after all, the aroma of his "Winifred Dysart," of his "Gathering Simples," of "And She was a Witch," the exquisite "note" by which a Fuller is hereafter to be known as a Fuller and will not be confounded with anything else, was drawn, like the aroma of a good wine, from the soil, from his native New England, from the history, the people, the morals, the inherited character of Massachusetts. It is not a rich soil, and not the juiciest geniality of character springs upon it; but there is something of quality that is distinct and imperishable of flavor. George Fuller himself had no sort of consciousness or pride in such matters, and would have been the last to set himself up as a representative man in any way. Nothing could be more painful to those who knew than to hear his peculiar method of painting ascribed to affectation or to an assertive mannerism. He simply lived his own life out in the most straightforward fashion, as was necessary to a genuine and modest manliness. C.



THE LATE LOUIS LELOIR. CRAYON PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF.

fated, fortunately after all, to be fixed by a small patrimony amid rural surroundings redolent of New England history. With a heart burning for high artistic achievement, he was forbidden by circumstances, as much as by the unconquerable shyness of his nature, to engage in the struggle for notoriety in the great centres which set the stamp of success on the world's favorites. Thus forced back upon the pure and grand associations of nature and upon his own thought and feeling, he distilled from a delicate natural sentiment the fit nutriment for an exalted artistic growth. Hawthorne's extraordinary shyness performed the same good office for him. While his contemporaries were winning a certain fame in the noisy, passing popular apprehension of the day, Hawthorne, feeding on his own heart in his little house in a side-street in Salem or in his more retired country home, remote even from such centres as Salem, was—not without bitterness, however, at his lot as it then